

The Family Circle.

The Old Man's Comforts and how he gained them.

[Supposed to be written by Mr. Stanley.]

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
You are old, Father William, a heavy old man,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of your youth, Father William replied,
I remembered that youth would fly fast,
And should not my health and my vigor at first,
I said I never might need them at last.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And pleasure with youth goes away,
And yet you lament that the days are gone,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of your youth, Father William replied,
I remembered that youth could not last,
I thought of the future, wherever I did,
That I never might need them at last.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father William replied,
For the more they attend on my grief,
The more I think of the things I have seen,
And the more I love to converse upon death.

Sad Changes of Fortune.

"Do you give out work here?" said a voice

so soft, so low, so ladylike, that I involuntarily

started and looked up.

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tiful embroidered handkerchief to her eyes,
"I am his injured wife."

"Then, of course, your honor, the lady's
testimony is inadmissible."

"O, very well," interrupted my adversary;
"you wish to keep the truth from the jury, do you?"

"Gentlemen of the jury, you see that
technicians are resorted to, to procure a verdict
against my client. I hope you will appreciate
it, gentlemen."

By this time the lady was a beautiful repre-
sentation of Rachel of old; and one glance at
the jury was sufficient to convince me that my
case was ruined. I turned to my client—"You
are gone, my friend," said I. "Gone!" said
he, "gone! my dear sir, don't give up your suit
so easily. I shall be made a beggar if I lose
this case, and then what will become of my
wife and my poor daughters!"

"O, you have daughters, have you? Run
and bring them, my dear friend! If they mind,
we must counterpane. Bring them, one and
all!"

My client rushed out, and as he lived but
next door, he almost instantly returned, with
a half dozen as pretty girls as could be found
anywhere. My antagonist's face fell to zero.
"May it please the court," I began, "I
desire to offer some rebutting testimony."

"Rebutting testimony, C—! why your
adversary has not been permitted to examine
his witness. What have you to rebut?"

"A great deal, your honor. The witness
has given some testimony. She called herself
"injured" wife of the defendant. Injured
how? By my client. Injured how? By
procuring this note, the subject matter of the
sue, from him. Now, sir, I wish to swear the
affected daughters of the plaintiff, against the
injured wife of the defendant."

Here my fair witnesses commenced weeping
bitterly, while several of the jury looked
on with evident commiseration. My triumph
was complete; but I determined to pay off my
legal friend in his own coin.

"I do not seek, sir," continued I, "to take
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heart like Caligula, and a spirit like Nero, could
attempt to do to a life of beggary, of shame,
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unhappy—nay, too credulous, too confiding
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I rose, in the spirit of a liberal compromise,
I will swear but three of them."

Here ensued a low burst of anguish from
the daughters, and a corresponding and pro-
longed excitement of the jury. My legal friend
said that I had out-generaled him, and so he
said, "C—! stop your nonsense; and take
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"I did not mean to be disobedient, father,"
said she; and her bosom began to heave, and
her chin to quiver.

"But you were, my daughter," said he.
"I thought you would not be displeased
with me, father," said Lydia, "if I did give
brother the biggest peck; and the tears began
to roll down her cheeks."

"But I want you to have the biggest," said
the father; "you are older and larger than he
is."

"I want you to give the best things to
brother," said the noble girl.

"Why?" asked the father, scarcely able to
contain himself.

"Because," answered the dear generous
sister, "I love him so—I always feel best
when he gets the best things."

"You are right, my precious daughter,"
said the father, as he fondly and proudly fold-
ed her in his arms. You are right, and you
must be certain your happy father will never
be displeased with you, for wishing to give
up the best of everything to your affection-
ate little brother. He is a dear noble little
boy, and I am glad you love him so. Do
you think he loves you as well as you do him?

"Yes, father," said the little girl. "I think
he does, for when I offered him the golden
pench, he would not take it, and wanted me
to keep it; and it was a good while before I
could get him to take it."

"A great deal, your honor. The witness
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